

THE HOME JOURNAL.

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News of the Week.

DOWN EAST.

A couple of new steel steamships, built in England, are now at the port of New York. They are said to make sixteen knots an hour, or upwards of eighteen miles. Steel has decided advantages over iron, it is believed, for shipbuilding.

The discovery was made in New York, last week, that a Mr. Kidd, a twice merchant on Murray street, had a train of fuses connecting his premises and adjoining property, whereby they could be set on fire. Kidd was arrested, and his office testified to seeing him making the fuses. Three large warehouses were involved in this attempt, and but for the discovery, a heavy conflagration would have ensued. The trains of fuses were nearly all laid in the upper stories, and from roof to roof.

The New York police picked up, in destitute condition, a child that had been kidnapped from the Harborside.

—Wm. J. Healy, U. S. N., has been arrested in New York for defrauding the Government of \$10,000.

—The total deaths in New York city last year were 32,647, and increase of 5,671 over the year previous.

—The debt of the wealthy State of Pennsylvania is only \$16,521,039.

—Oswego, New York, reports a \$135,000 fire.

—Several Quarter-masters of the steamship Denmark have been arrested for smuggling in New York.

—A tremendous wind-storm, accompanied by electrical phenomena, passed over Nebraska and Northern Iowa last week.

A panel of one hundred jurors has been summoned in the trial of Ross Tweed.

OUT WEST.

The St. Louis Republic has taken possession of its new building, costing \$350,000, and said to be the best appointed printing office in the world.

—General Grierson has been transferred from the Indian country to St. Louis, where he will have charge of the recruiting service.

—The Pennsylvania State debt was reduced last year two and a half millions of dollars.

The Circuit Judges of Michigan have agreed on a rule that counsel for the defense shall open their case immediately after the plaintiff, before evidence is taken on either side.

—The Governor of Minnesota informs the Legislature a message longer than the President's.

—The money clerk of the Atlantic Express at Cincinnati is under arrest for embezzling \$2,000.

—Twelve soldiers of the war of 1812 gathered in Philadelphia last week and celebrated Jackson's victory of New Orleans.

—The Atlantic and Great Western Railway have purchased the Petroleum Railroad in process of construction by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and will complete it as soon as possible.

—An ordinance was introduced in the City Council of St. Louis for the repeal of the Social Evil Ordinance. It was rejected almost unanimously.

IN GENERAL.

—A prominent citizen of Virginia offers the State the sum of \$100,000 annually for the exclusive privilege of gathering oysters in Virginia Waters. The revenue heretofore derived from this source is only \$30,000 annually while the cost of collecting is \$90,000, leaving the net revenue only \$20,000.

Secretary Fish is reported as saying that the Cuban revolutionists, having gained any more ground than they possessed three years ago, are not any more entitled to belligerent rights now than then. He also said our Government has no scheme of annexation in sending a naval force to the Sandwich Islands.

General James H. Carleton, who commanded the Department of New Mexico during the late war, is dead.

—Alabama has paid the interest on her bonded debt in full in London and New York.

—California threatens to swamp the market with a wheat crop of forty million bushels.

—Beecher advocates female suffrage and compulsory education.

—The Postmaster General, Representative Twichell, and the Postmaster at Boston, were before the House Committee on Appropriations last week, their object being to have the postal railroad car arrangement largely extended and improved, owing to the increased necessities of the service. The Postmaster General was also in consultation with the committee on the subject of an appropriation as a deficiency for the transportation of free mail matter, the law making a permanent appropriation for that purpose having been repealed.

—In a recent letter from Secretary Fish Gen. Sickles is instructed, in decisive but respectful terms, to remonstrate against the apparent failure of Spain to carry into effect the emancipation act to which she is committed. If Spain permits her authority to be effectually and practically defied in Cuba by refusal or neglect to carry into effect the views of the home Government, of a humane tendency, it is tantamount to an acknowledgment of inability to control the insurrection in Cuba. Fish says it has now lasted four years and the attempts to suppress it are so far futile. Unless Spain shall soon be more successful it will force upon this Government the consideration of the question whether duty to itself and to the commercial interests of its citizens may not demand some change in the line of action it has thus far pursued. You present the views above set forth in a way which, without giving offense, will leave the conviction that we are in earnest.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—An Appraisal letter states that the steamer Edgar Stuart, which had received a new crew from New York, sailed for Cuba with her large cargo of arms and ammunition for the revolutionists. She is under command of General M. Agueres. Out of some sixty of a crew, forty are recruits for the Cuban army.

—The British government declines to support the proposition of the Royal Geographical society for the sending out of an Arctic expedition partially at the public expense.

—In the Prussian Diet an interpellation, signed by a large number of the members, has been introduced, asking the Government what authority or law public journals had been prosecuted for publishing a Papal allocation.

—The Liverpool Post states that the fearful character of the recent gales may be partially realized from the fact that during the first twelve days of December no fewer than 419 passengers and sailors are known to have perished at sea.

—The Swiss Federal Council has threatened the use of vigorous measures against the Canton of Valais because Jesuit masters have been tolerated in schools.

THE ORDER OF NATURE.

Then, who wouldst read, with an undarkened eye,
The laws by which the Thunderer bears away,
Look at the stars that keep, in yonder sky,
Unbroken peace from Nature's earliest day.
The great sun, as he guides his fiery car,
Strikes not the cold moon in his rapid sweep;
The bear, that sees star setting after star,
In the blue blaze, descends not to the deep.
The star of eve still leads the hour of dew;
Duly the day star shines in the light;
With kindly alterations Love renews
The eternal courses bringing day and night.
Love drives away accused War, and keeps
The realm and host of stars beyond his reach.
In one long calm the general thousand sleeps
The elements, and tempers each to each.
The moist gives place benignly to the dry;
Heat rattles a faithful league with cold;
The humble flame springs upward to the sky;
Down sinks by its own weight the sloughy mold.
Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime;
Her harvests still the ripening summer yields;
Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters his wild fields.
The elemental harmony brings forth
And rears all life, and when life's term is o'er
It sweeps the breathing myriads from the earth,
And whelms and hides them to be seen no more.
While the great Father, who gave these laws,
Holds the firm reins and sits amid the skies,
Monarch and Master, Origin and Cause,
And Artificer supremely just and wise.
He holds the force he gave; His hand restrains
And curbs it to the circle it must trace;
Else the fair fabric which His hand sustains
Would fall to fragments in the void of space.
Love binds the parts together; gladly still
They court His kind command and vow decree,
Unless love hold them subject to the will
That gave them being, they would cease to be.

LOST.

LOST! LOST! LOST!
A thousand jewels rare;
A thousand gems of priceless cost,
A thousand treasures fair,
Lost treasures we can never regain,
Lost joys that will not come again!
The weary heart will weep,
O'er losses that could not be lost;
O'er love that cannot be lost;
O'er hopes that cannot be lost;
O'er all that once were bright and true,
The sunnier days of youth are dead;
We have but some good,
Which to our hearts we dear;
Some flower broken from the stem,
That we had cherished there,
We wept, but all our tears were vain;
'Twas gone to never return again.
The stream of time rolls on,
Along its noisy shore,
And with a host of pleasures gone,
It leaves the past in gloom,
It leaves the past in gloom,
The ocean of eternity!

JOHN RANDOLPH.

VISIT TO HIS HOME—HIS NEIGHBORHOOD REPUTATION—PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

(Gath in Chicago Tribune.)

"Yonder is the house of John Randolph, of Roanoke," said an engineer of the railroad, who sat at my side. "Wood Bouillon, of the Virginia Court of Appeals, lives there now. He is no kin to Randolph that I know of. Randolph's father, Tom, succeeded Randolph in Congress and died of paralysis in his seat, as he rose to announce Randolph's death in 1834. Yes, sir, this is Randolph's country, and Patrick Henry died here also. The land is worth \$15 an acre."

I looked up and saw on a high hill-top, among large forest-trees, and backed by dense and extensive woods, the hermit-like home of this celebrated oldity and human riddle. The place had been altered by its later proprietors, but there still remained the small clump of negro quarters, and the two wooden houses separated from each other—one of logs, the other clapboarded—where, in a sort of savage lawn, the great slaveholder passed so many years. It was hardly more than Indian comfort as it seemed—low buildings, only one-story and a garret high, with few and small windows, and on one a low, log porch. How different are the ideas of comfort in different ages! What American statesman now would live like Randolph for his land? And yet he merited the respect of widely different types of men. The Quaker poet of New England sang of him with mistaken ideas of the geography:

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Robt. Lee's flowing,
And through his tall, ancestral trees
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
His sleep, still looking to the West,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

The second line ought to be: "He heard the Stanton's flowing," if it is meant to denote his resting-place; for Randolph's ashes still rest here, in the midst of the forest near his log-cabin, a tree by the grave, and formerly also an unmarked stone. He was the last of his race.

THE MAN REVIVED.

As I looked upon this lonesome autumn Virginia scene, and the deliberate and warning word of Whittier came to my mind, with its too truthful ending, "O, more than all thy dead remains,"

Were now one here living,
I endeavored to believe what manner of man might this have been who in our day would be an impossibility in public life. For nearly thirty years he was in Congress. Like Thaddeus Stevens, who possessed some of his power of scorn, he was a bachelor; for years he was Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and Jefferson habitually consulted him. Benton—a cold, dignified critic—says that for thirty years he was the political meteor of Congress, and often the planetary plague, and, as the scourger of pretension, meanness, vice and demagogery, the benefactor of the House.

And on that hill-top he lies, like the Indians of whose blood he boasted

felt upon his fellow-sinners. "I am the victim," he wrote, "of my own uncontrolled and uncontrollable sensations."

He was the inheritor of a decimated and artificial gentility, which had run along in Tidewater Virginia, like the friable soil, steadily toward barrenness, for nearly two centuries; and he could not distinguish between the affections of this social inheritance and the simple sympathies of a new Republic. Without a slave to own, he might have risen to the radicalism of a fanatic, and been the monster of that conservative age, instead of its curiosity; for the few mean things that he did were not the emanations of a mean nature, but the fruit of provincialism and fury. With all his toadying for Old England, the Throne, etc., he could write, when the prints belittled his mission to Russia: "The yearnings of my heart after home have been stilling by the monstrous and malignant cunning which have been heaped upon my unoffending head."

Thus it was with the archer, when an arrow which might fit his quiver strikes himself, as we saw but yesterday with another great figure in public events. Randolph's private and public life vulgarized and heightened each other, and the meanness of anecdote often reduces his public stature, while the man emboldens the anecdote, mean as it may be.

RANDOLPH'S NEIGHBOR, HENRY.

"How is this called Roanoke," said I to the affable engineer, "being on the Stanton?"

"Well, there is a little creek, I believe, called Roanoke, winding through Randolph's old estate. At any rate, this is in the general Valley of the Roanoke, and Roanoke is the name of the railroad station, two miles from the fellow's abode. He was born at Cavalton, an estate near City Point, just before the Revolutionary War. His youth was spent at Mattox, another estate, this side of Petersburg, and he lived at Bizarro, a third estate—all of which were destroyed by fire. He often came here to shoot and stop awhile, but he moved here after 1810, when Bizarro burned up. He never built anything extensive down here."

"Was he rich?"

"Oh, yes! one of the largest slaveholders in Virginia. He left 318 slaves and 180 horses, and he had some of the best racing stock in this country."

"Have any more recent great men come from about here?"

"Yes, sir. Tom Boone and General Joe Johnston."

"Are you much acquainted around here?"

"Putty to be well."

"What do the people at this day think of Randolph?"

"The old people remember him as haughty, honest, and, although never mixing much with the voters, sure to get their support. They never understood him; nobody did; but he had two or three acquaintances, and one of them was the tavern-keeper at Charlotte Court-house, who knew from contact that he was a great man. He was a brave fellow, too, and a good hunter part of his life. One idea is, that he got in love, and was afraid to marry on good grounds, and that it soured him all his life. But his memory is getting very indistinct, and is kept up most altogether by anecdotes."

"Whereabouts in this country did Patrick Henry live?"

"He lived at Red Hill, thirty miles from here, and his descendants, I think, occupy the place yet. That was said to be little better for comfort than Randolph's place, though Henry had some mountain views from his yard. They were competitors, sir. Henry only lived in this country five years, and he died in '99, making his last speech just as Randolph made his first, at our old Court-house town. Neither has got any mark set up on his grave!"

THE HERO IS WORTH.

Still, we would not apologize for a public man nowadays who rose in his stirrups, in the height of his fame, on a Long Island race-course, after having betted all his money, to shout thus vulgarly: "I'll bet a crop of niggers on Sir Henry!" We should not associate Southern hospitality with a public man who replied to a constituent's pleasant address: "Mr. Randolph, I passed your house to-day." "Please continue to do so, sir!" We should still consider him a very mean Congressman who accused a door-keeper falsely of listening at a key-hole to a secret session, in order to have him turned off, and then bluffed the man without explanation, as John Randolph did Vanrant, merely because he was an enemy's protégé.

And we read of his causeless chastisement of his negroes and wounding their feelings with no more repugnance than of his sending his books to England because his Northern countrymen might otherwise get the job. He showed, in this last respect, equal want of nationality and sagacity, because to spite the Yankee by incurring a greater cost was only to increase the relative poverty of the South in the ratio. He did manumit his slaves, but the feeling he had previously made on the subject helped to envelop the manumission with litigation, and probably the best act in its consequences he ever did to refuse Indiana Territory some of the "blessings of slavery," for which he petitioned as a "temporary dispensation," in 1803.

There were magnanimous times about the man, and he did recognize a low and little nature, and pierce it through and through; but he would also turn like an Algerine upon a great associate, to gratify a moment's pique, or conceit. Certainly not less creditable than his fitful generosity was the long and uniform allowance of his contemporaries and his country for his admitted genius and disease.

UNDERNEATH ALL.

Nature appears to have gifted him with the melancholy talent of perceiving the wrong that he himself did, and of generalizing the tortures which he among the naked trees, a man without a monument as he never created any institution or public measure. Might he arise and look around his country now, it would seem to deserve less of his terrible exclamation forty years ago. "Poverty stalking through the land, while we are engaged in political metaphysics, and, amidst our fifth and vermin, like the Spanish and Portuguese, look down with contempt on other nations. We hug our lousy cloaks around us, take another chain of tobacco, flog the room with nastiness, or ruin the grate and fire-irons, where they happen not to be nasty, and try conclusions upon constitutional points. Poor old Virginia! Poor old Virginia!"

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Toledo female printed when told that over 500,000 men died last year, but was revived by the information that there were 13,000,000 left.

An inquirer is informed that we know of no female dates although mandates are plenty.

Wedding cards are now issued with the notice "No plated ware" printed in one corner.

Smugglers have found their way to Japan, and Chinese women are almost persuaded to try the bustle.

plume should not take front seats at theatres and operas. In London ladies occupying the best seats at the theatres are compelled to remove their hats and bonnets.

A secret organization of young ladies is said to have been formed in a Western town under the title of a "League for the Suppression of Male Flirts," and much curiosity is felt by the masculine portion of the community to find out how many of their female friends belong to it.

A new feature of social entertainments this winter will be "proud parties." They derive their name from the circumstance that each person invited is requested to furnish a pound of pastry, confectionery, fruit or other edibles for the table, and thus an elegant support is provided. The parties are given at private residences.

Banquet trims are going out of fashion. The custom is an absurd one, without a single sensible reason to commend it. The proper thing for a couple to do now is to run down for a week or two to the country residence of one of the families, where, with a large and well appointed home to themselves, they spend a sensible honeymoon, if such a thing be not a paradox. The new plan is imported from England.

A JEALOUS husband at Canaan, New Hampshire, placed a beam in his attic, provided with a bag of crackers, a jug of frozen water and an ax, waiting for the supposed destroyer of his happiness.

His wife on the second day called in the suspected person, who was passing the house, to help her discover the cause of the noises she heard. The husband, when discovered in his retreat, playfully threw the axe at the heads of the pair, but unfortunately missed his aim.

A CHINESE man had read somewhere how to tell the time by a cat's eyes. So he traded off a French clock, belonging to his wife, for a gallon of whisky and a Thomas cat of the large, gray, expectorating, well-tailed kind. The first time he tried to discover the hour of the day he was surprised to see the cat claw him in the nose, scratch every bit of scrub out of his shirt-bosom, and go through an 85 page of glass. But he had rather face a feline chronometer than his wife any day.

There is a nice little bit of romance of the good old-fashioned kind just come to hand. Miss Matilda Phillips, sister of Adeline, has lately rescued a young man from drowning at Genoa. It seems to have been a very brave deed, and in writing to her sister she says: "We are great friends ever since, and he can scarcely do enough for me. I have had beautiful letters from his mother and sisters, and I feel so happy to have done something to bring so much happiness to any one." She speaks of the grateful youth familiarly as Walter, and the consequences are evident.

OUT-DOOR LIFE.

Our girls want more out-door life, and less reading novels and embroidery in rooms darkened with green blinds. If there is any one thing more beautiful than another in a garden of flowers, that thing is a beautiful girl, with sun-bonnet on her head so wide and capacious that you have to get right square before her, to see the glowing cheeks that are sure to be there if she is accustomed at all to garden walks and works. Physically, there can be nothing better for daughters, and, indeed, for many wives, than to take sole charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, snuffing the pure mountain air, are freshness and glow of cheek and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of mind and purity of heart. Consequently she must be more cheerful and loveliness as a daughter, more dignified and womanly as a sister, and more attractive and confiding as a wife. If you have not the door-yard ground, then get a pot and plant the seeds of flowers to your taste. The care and attention required to rear and train the growing plants, occupies the mind to the exclusion of trifles of senseless novel reading, a senseless waste of time. You listless, pale-faced, fragile thing of a girl, throw off your mock delicacy, put on gloves if you will, but work in the flower garden until your cheeks vie in color with the blush of the rose which you cultivate.

MANY stories are told in Norfolk county of Tom Smith, jr., a very ignorant man, who made his money distilling gin and used to be called in consequence Tom Smith Juniper. Thinking to better his standing in society he joined the church and took active part in the prayer-meetings, always going in full dress, with light kids on his brawny hands, and one occasion praying with many gestures to the "great and diabolical Jehovah." Once in speaking of a prayer-meeting held in a drinking-saloon, he said, "Can any good come out of Lazarus? Come and see." At another time he said, "You all remember David who was cast into a den of roaring lions and came out unscratched."

MISS TEMPERANCE ANDERSON, a resident of Baden, Beaver County, Pennsylvania, has hair six feet and a half long. It is quite thick and fine, blonde in color.

THE SUN AND THE EARTH.

Professor Balfour Stewart, in a recent popular lecture, compares the sun and the earth to great heat engines; and said that in the same way as the air of an engine was caused to pass from a warm place to a cold one, currents of air passed from the hottest parts of the earth towards the poles, and vice versa.

The sailor who raised his sail, and the miller who ground his corn, took advantage of the work done by the earth in this way. There was no direct evidence that currents of air passed from the sun's poles to its equator and back again, but there was evidence of ascending and descending currents in the atmosphere of the sun. The currents moved at the rate of thirty to forty miles an hour. In the course of their progress they carried with them metallic vapors in the shape of clouds, which caused the mottled appearance on the sun's surface. The clouds afterwards descended again in the manner of the rain-clouds of the earth. If they imagined themselves on the solar surface they might, as they traveled, come to the brink of some enormous chasm, some three or four thousand miles in depth, and wide enough to contain thirty or forty worlds like ours. The bottom of the chasm would be found to be very dark; the sides not quite so dark, but darker than the surface of the sun.

This chasm was in fact what was called a sun spot. They knew it was a chasm, because when the spot was at the edge of the sun, the side of the chasm nearest the earth was invisible whilst the other side was in view, and the same thing occurred at the opposite side of the sun. There were also bright spots to be seen in the sun's atmosphere, which had been proved to be projections from the surface. These projections were seen during an eclipse in the shape of columns of red light shooting out from the edge of the sun. These showed that terrible disturbances must be taking place in the sun's atmosphere, for the columns he had mentioned in reality consisted of currents of hydrogen, carrying with them sodium and magnesium. No doubt the sun spot was caused by some cloud matter that was falling in the atmosphere of the sun. It was not at present known as a certainty that the spots on the sun had any influence on the earth; but it was a remarkable coincidence that during the past few years, which had been good years in Germany, the spots on the sun had been few in number, which led to the suspicion that some connection existed between the sun-spots and the vegetation of this earth.

He also stated that during those years when there were most of these spots there were most magnetic disturbances in our atmosphere. There also appeared to be some connection between the epidemics which took place on this earth and the appearances on the sun's surface; for during the years 1846, 1860, 1870, and the present year, in which the potato disease was very prevalent, the spots on the sun were at the maximum. As near as could be ascertained, also, the sweating sickness, which broke out at different periods about the end of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century was more virulent near the times of the maximum than at the times of the minimum sun spots. He thought he had succeeded in convincing his audience that the problem of the connection between the earth and the sun was a most important one, and a very expensive one to work out. It was a problem that should be taken up by all the civilized countries of the world.

HOW TO REST.

The best mode of resting when fatigued depends upon the cause of the fatigue, and the condition of the person at the time. There is one thing, however, which will always rest a tired person, and that is a sponge or towel bath over the entire surface of the body, followed by a thorough rubbing and friction of the surface. Of course the temperature of the water and the vigor and amount of rubbing must be graduated to the strength of the person. When the fatigue is mental, arising from over exertion of the brain, the muscles should be called into action, as by walking, horseback riding, rowing, playing ball, pitching quoits, gymnastics, etc. General muscular fatigue is quickly relieved by lying on the face and having some one rub and percuss the back vigorously. Also, but less readily, by lying flat upon the back upon a hard couch or bed, or upon the floor, with the hands back or under the head, but the head not otherwise raised, and taking full, deep breaths. Local muscular fatigue may be relieved by rubbing and percussing the part, or by changing the position and bringing other parts of the body into action.

THE balloon style of dress seems to have gone out of fashion. Crinoline, tulle, panier, each have all been discarded, and all our belles, to use a homely expression, look "as if they had been drawn through a knot hole."

The Indian women of the Rocky Mountains ride their horses man-fashion on saddles with such high pummels and cantles that they are almost buried up in them.

SONG.

We sail toward evening's lonely star
That trembles in the tender blue;
One simple cloud, a dusky bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and
Slow smoldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendor die,
Wave-crested thus, and wind-caressed!
The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer,
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lightenings knifed far and near.
And through the warm depths of the sky
Stal faint star-shadows, while we rest
In deep refreshment, then and I,
Wave-crested thus, and wind-caressed!

REMEMBRANCE.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this our world, with violet worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I have sworn you
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me should make you woe.
O, if I say, you look upon this verse
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your mourn,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.
Shakespeare.

A GULF STREAM TO THE POLE.

A report has been received in San Francisco, from a French expedition now on its way to the North Pole. From this report it appears that the voyage to the pole is as pleasant and easy as a summer trip up the Hudson. The expedition passed through Behring's Straits, and following the course of the warm current of the Kuro siwa, found itself floating on the bosom of a broad river walled in by pleasant hills and occasional precipices. All along the shore, quantities of frozen mammoths were found, which, having been dead only a few thousand years, were so nicely preserved in ice that the crew of the expedition lived entirely upon mammoth meats, boiled, roasted, and baked.

When the report was sent (by a friendly whaling ship) the expedition had gone into winter quarters, though why it had not continued its voyage until the pole had been reached does not appear. Certainly there could have been no difficulty in proceeding on its course, for the polar river was free from ice, and the frozen mammoths were waiting for the table. Perhaps the crew grew tired of an exclusive diet of mammoths, and decided to wait until a new supply of pork and beef could be brought from civilized regions.

THE DELUGE CONFESSED.

It is quite refreshing to find one belated in the Bible, which the moderns of science are willing to admit is confirmed by the progress of discovery. Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, makes the following most interesting account of the record of the Deluge, which he has lately deciphered from the Assyrian monuments:

"The cuneiform inscription which I have recently found and translated gives a long and full account of the Deluge. It contains the version or tradition of this event which existed in the early Chaldean period of the city of Erech (one of the cities of Nimrod), now represented by the ruins of Warka. In this newly discovered inscription the account of the Deluge is put as a narrative into the mouth of Xisuthrus or Noah. He relates the wickedness of the world, the command to build the ark, its building, the filling of it, the Deluge, the resting of the ark on the mountain, the sending out of the birds and other matters. The narrative has a closer resemblance to the account transmitted by the Greeks from Berossus, the Chaldean historian, than the Biblical history, but it does differ materially from either. The principal differences are as to the duration of the Deluge, the name of the mountain on which the ark rested, the sending out of the birds, etc. The cuneiform account is much longer and fuller than that of Berossus, and has several details omitted both by the Bible and the Chaldean historian. This inscription opens up many questions of which we knew nothing previous, and it is connected with a number of other details of Chaldean history which will be both interesting and important. This is the first time any inscription has been found with an account of an event mentioned in Genesis."

There tell of a young lady in Westchester County, named Louise, who thought mournfully of the leap-year fast going out and of certain hopes she had cherished that would go out with it. Finally, growing desperate, she went to one Bonnie Hopps, and, holding a revolver to his ears, made an elaborate proposal, Bonnie consented with really unnecessary speed and energy; but when the girl was gone, went away from that locality and has not since been seen by Louise or any of his friends. The girl, however, may have the consolation of suing him for a breach of promise and recovering, of course, damages commensurate with his little property.

The latest definition of a gentleman is "a man who can put on a clean collar without being conspicuous."